

MRS. ASTOR'S BALL A HUGE AFFAIR.

Five Hundred of the Elite
Danced at Her Fifth
Avenue Mansion.

No Fads or Follies When the
Leader of Society Gives an
Entertainment.

Adjoining House of John Jacob Astor
Opened to Receive the
Throng of Guests.

FINE SHOW OF JEWELS AND FROCKS

Double Cotillion Led by Elisha Dyer, Jr.,
and Richard Peters—List of Guests
Is the Roll Call of the
Patrician Set.

Mrs. Astor gave a ball last night. And when Mrs. Astor gives a ball there is no house about it. This mother and grandmother of millionaires, who has been aptly called the female Nestor of New York society, entertained five hundred persons at No. 842 Fifth avenue.

There was no hugging exclusiveness about it. There were no freaks and no fads. It was a great, generous, expansive display of hospitality, such as the uncrowned queen of a big city's society feels impelled to offer. If she have a regard for the motto, "Noblesse oblige."

Mrs. Astor's house, big as it is, was not big enough for her guests. But by a convenient arrangement which has become popular among the millionaires of New York, she is living next door to her children, the John Jacob Astors, and the opening of a sliding partition between the halls throws the two houses into one for the purposes of entertainment. That was done last night.

The assemblage was as brilliant as it was large and representative. The frocks and jewels were as superb as the exhibition of dowagers, matrons, brides, buds and gallants. To read the list of those who were there is to read the roll call of the upper crust of New York, and of the strangers within her gates. To learn how the thing was done is to learn how a veteran of society may vindicate her leadership by a display of prodigality which is, nevertheless, in the best of taste.

Great Profusion of Flowers.

Flowers and foliage, draped with all the cunning of the florist's art—these things have been described so often that they seem old, although in reality they are always new. Nothing could have been more suggestive of luxury, for instance, than the group of palms, which waved their huge fronds between the pillars of Mrs. Astor's ball last night, or the masses of American Beauty roses, topped with clusters of Assensio Illies, which entwined the posts. And the soft blaze of electric bulbs over and among it all suffused a scene that was almost unreal in its beauty.

The sitting room on the second landing was pressed into service as a cloakroom for the women. They reached it by the elevator and descended again by the great stairway, when the divestment of heavy wraps had rendered the task of walking downstairs in lovely ball gowns a source of aesthetic delight to the beholder.

In the grand salon, at the left of the entrance, stood a graceful little woman whose somewhat careworn face relaxed in a smile of pleasure as she welcomed each guest. It was Mrs. Astor. She was magnificently dressed in white satin and brocade. Her gown was embellished with drooping and frillings of point lace. She wore a diam and necklace of diamonds, and diamonds glittered in the folds of her sleek corsage.

There were too many people for Mrs. Astor to receive unaided, so she had to assist her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, her daughter, Mrs. Orme Wilson, and her granddaughter, Miss Van Alen.

Dance in Ballroom and Gallery.

The dancing was in the ballroom, which is also the art gallery. This apartment extends over the entire rear of both the Astor mansions. The walls are lined with famous paintings, so that further formal adornment is out of the question. The huge vases on the mantel were filled with American Beauty roses, and the music balcony was trimmed with trailing vines. The Hungarian Band played for the dancing, which was informal until the midnight supper.

The big dining-room was flooded with light from the arched ceiling, throwing the tapestried walls and the ebony panels into high relief. Across one end of the room was placed the buffet table, where light refreshments were served during the entire festivity. On this there was a grand display of the Astor silver.

No other floors were to be seen in the dining-room, but catalpa orchids, and of these there was a great profusion. While the dancing was going on in the ballroom, the men brought up the small round tables for the regular supper. They were placed in the dining-rooms of the residence of Mrs. Astor, and her son, John Jacob Astor, and in the wide halls of both houses.

This was the menu:

CHAUD.
Consommé à la Princesse.
Croustilles de volaille, St. Cloud.
Terrapin.
Ris de veau aux petits pois.
Filet de bœuf aux champignons.
Carnard Canavassack roti.
Salade de laitue et celeri.
FROID.
Galette de perdreau aux truffes.
Chaud-froid de caille à la Richelieu.
Aspic de saute de filets de saumon.
Pate de gibier à la St. Hubert.
Salade de volaille.
ENTREMETS SUCCES.
Glaces fantasies.
Biscuit glacé.
Gelée Macedoine.
Biscuit Tortoni.
Charlotte Parisienne.
Gâteaux assortis.
Marrons glacés.
Fruits glacés.
Cafe.
Champagne.
Apollinaris.
Claret Cup.

After the supper the cotillion was danced by nearly two hundred of the guests. It was led by the Messrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Richard Peters. Mr. Dyer danced with Miss Van Alen, and Mrs. Orme Wilson was Mr. Peters's partner. The favors distributed included a variety of silver trinkets, sachets, ribbons, bags, artificial flowers, fans and other gew gaws. For the men there were silver match boxes, cigarette cases, pens, orders and boutonnieres. As was anticipated, the display of magnificent gowns and jewels has been unrivaled this season. The matrons were arrayed in the richest satins or brocades. The decoilets waists glittered with the precious gems set in sunburst stars. Empire bow knots, butterflies, crescents, new moons and hearts. Tiaras scintillated from the heads of the coiffures. Other ornaments such as aigrettes, tiaras and hairpins, and big sprays of flowers were the substitutes of the others. The maidens



SCENE IN THE SUPPER ROOM AT THE BALL GIVEN BY MRS. ASTOR LAST NIGHT.

WHO OWNS THESE BONDS?

Tradesmen's National Bank Has a Novel
Suit Against Brokers and
Major Byrne.

A novel suit at law was on the preferred calendar yesterday in Justice Daly's division of the Supreme Court. It was not reached, but will be tried within a few days.

Pemberton & McAdoo are a new brokerage firm, at No. 11 Wall street. Some months ago they went to the Tradesmen's National Bank for a loan of \$20,000. They gave a firm note for the amount, endorsed by Major Byrne, who was president of the

Honest Money League in the late campaign. They left with the bank bonds of the Municipal Improvement Company, a corporation floated by the son of ex-Governor Robinson, of Elmira. Mr. Robinson

son failed three years ago, and isn't quite out of the business tangle yet.

The note to the bank was not paid, and just prior to the election Charles Strauss, counsel for the bank, advertised the bonds for sale, claiming them as collateral. The makers of the note would not bid, saying the bonds had not been put up as collateral, and that they would not buy property which already belonged to them. The bank was the only bidder, taking the bonds at \$4,000. They are now suing the brokers and Major Byrne for the balance of \$16,000 claimed to be due on the note.

The points to be settled are whether the bonds were as valuable as they were represented to be, and whether the bank had a right to sell them in default of payment of the note.

A Call for Dr. Banks.

Dr. Louis Albert Banks, who has for a long time been pastor of the Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, will, it is said, in a short time receive a call to the Calvary M. E. Church, of this city.

POLICE GUARD CLUB'S DOOR.

Justice Trux Refused to Enjoin, So the
Watch Continues.

A big policeman from the East Fifth Street Station stands in front of the house No. 82 Second avenue, and warns persons who start into the house not to do so, as it is likely to be raided at any moment. The house is owned by Mrs. Margaret Mayer, who lives in the upper part and rents the first floor to the Favordale Association. This watch has been kept since December 1.

Mrs. Mayer, who says she keeps a respectable boarding house, asked Justice Trux to grant an injunction restraining Police Captain John J. Herlihy from keeping the policeman there. The application was denied.

The police say that the Favordale is a gambling club, run by Eugene Schaefer, alias Henry Wilson, an ex-convict.

WAS A CASE OF SELF-HYPNOTISM.

Frank Dougherty Himself
the Cause of His Sup-
posed Death.

Went Into His Long Sleep by
"Concentrating His Thoughts"
on One Object.

He Also Used a Strange Machine,
Invented by a Noted
French Hypnotist.

Newport, Del., Jan. 4.—The extraordinary case of Frank Dougherty, the youth who was supposed to have died last Tuesday night, and who returned to life Friday, while funeral services were being held over him, has given doctors in this vicinity a problem to solve. The solution of the case seems to be that the appearance of death was produced by self-hypnotism.

The true history of the case is as follows: The boy is eighteen years old, and is a student at Delaware College. He is a big boy for his age, and is a deep thinker. A company of hypnotists came to the opera house, at Wilmington, in October, for a few weeks' stay. The night they created a sensation by hypnotizing a boy and placing him in a window for forty-eight hours without food or drink.

Subject for Hypnotists.

Attracted by this feat, Dougherty, who is of a scientific mind, went to Wilmington, and became one of the subjects of the hypnotists, and since their departure he has been making a deep study of the science of hypnotism. Young Dougherty was an apparently healthy boy, and his sudden death was a great surprise in the neighborhood. He returned home from school, which is seven miles distant, early Monday afternoon, and retired at 10 o'clock.

When called at the accustomed hour Tuesday morning he failed to respond, and then it was that Mrs. Dougherty discovered him apparently dead. His body seemed to be cold, and there was no visible pulsation or palpitation of the heart.

The family doctor, who was called in, after a careful examination pronounced the boy dead, although at the time he could detect a slight beat near the boy's temples. The only theory that Dougherty's friends can advance regarding his strange experience is that he fell into a hypnotic sleep by concentrating his attention upon one object.

Had a "Hypnotic Sleep."

When Dougherty was found in bed the gas was burning and a revolving instrument used by a noted French hypnotist in his séances was found on the floor beside the bed.

Dougherty's friends believe that before he went to bed he placed the instrument with the purpose of causing him to sleep. With a view to studying the unusual case, several Wilmington doctors came here this morning and drove to the Dougherty home a mile and a half away. A crowd of people living in the neighboring county also called at the Dougherty house to take a look at the boy, but few gained admittance to the room where the boy was still confined.

Doctor Palmer, who is caring for him, reported this morning that he is improving rapidly, but that he is not yet entirely out of danger. His long sleep has so weakened his nervous system that the doctor says the least excitement may cause a relapse. For this reason he directed that his patient be kept as quiet as possible, and that few persons should be allowed to speak to him.

The parents of the boy declined to discuss the matter, but they did not deny that their son had had the unusual experience of death and return to life in three days.

WICKEDEST BOY IN ALL NEW YORK.

Albert Heiman, After Rob-
bing His Home, Attempts
to Shoot His Father.

He Draws a Revolver and Terri-
fies the Family with
His Threats.

After Being Locked Up He Confesses
He Has Frequently Stolen from
His Parents.

SAYS HE PREFERS TO BE A BAD LAD.

When Arraigned in Court He Pleads Guilty
to Grand Larceny and Is Held
for Trial—A Story of Juve-
nile Depravity.

Nobody would suspect Albert Heiman of being the wickedest boy in New York from just looking at him; but the police say he is, and his father says he is, and Magistrate Crane, who held him for trial yesterday on a charge of grand larceny, says he is.

Albert is sixteen, and decidedly handsome. He has a rather girlish mouth, curved in cupid's bow fashion over a row of white teeth such as any girl might envy. His black eyes are in turn disdained, pleading, and—when he is off his guard—cunning. His hair would fall in graceful waves if it were not pummed and plastered over his forehead in that glistening wing which is regarded as the summit of the hairdresser's art east of Lexington avenue.

"Say! Don't you think the old man will let up on me and withdraw the charge?" he exclaimed eagerly, pressing his face against the bars of his cell door after leaving the Harlem Police Court.

"The old man" was his father, Julius H. Heiman, whom he had robbed and threatened to shoot with a revolver bought with the proceeds of the theft.

"I don't care if he don't," he added defiantly. "I wouldn't have been such a sucker to plead guilty if I had cared. They'll send me to some old reformatory, I suppose. I'm too old for the Gerry people, and too young for Sing Sing."

"What made you rob your father?" was asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Just because I liked to, that's all. But gee! How scared he was when I came back home with the revolver! And then the cops was scared, too, when they came sneaking into the house to get me. They grabbed me pretty quick, before I could get my hands on the pistol. Say! There'd have been some fun if they hadn't."

The bravado of the wickedest boy in New York did not last long, however. When his visitor was leaving him he was inclined to whimper.

"Tell my father I'm sorry, if you see him," he said. "I didn't mean any harm, and I was only out for some fun. Say! It'd be pretty mean if he stood by and seen his boy sent up, wouldn't it?"

Neither Heiman, Sr.'s, sense of injury should be strong enough to justify him in seeing his precious son "sent up" may be judged from the extent of Heiman, Jr.'s, misdeeds. On New Year's Day he was caught from home, taking with him, among other things, a quantity of silverware worth \$25. Julius Heiman, who lives at No. 1775 Madison Avenue, was so shocked by the robbery that he reported the police and detectives were sent out in search of the culprit. Albert Heiman, who is a day being, and the prodigal was allowed to go to his bedroom. Meanwhile the elder Heiman ran out by a rear door, and told the police about his new trouble.

Police men came to arrest the robber, and captured him by a flank movement just as he was about to enter his brother's parlor. He was shown to his brother some pawn tickets, and telling him what a fine place the Bowers was. The wickedest boy in New York had placed his revolver under a pillow, so that the police had an easy task.

LADY SCOTT ONCE MORE.

Her Libel Suit Against Earl Russell, Her
Son-in-Law, Again Before
the Court.

By Julian Ralph.

London, Jan. 4.—The Earl Russell libel trial was once more resumed at the Old Bailey to-day, after a long adjournment, during which one of the prisoners, Kast, died.

Lady Scott entered the dock to-day, accompanied by Cockerton and Aylott, and once more faced the jury. She was looking pale and worn out, her black dress, unrelieved save by a gold watch chain round her neck, making her look more haggard still. She seated herself in a corner of the dock and sat motionless until the Judge appeared. Earl Russell was, of course, present.

To-day's evidence chiefly affected the male prisoners, who were shown to have admitted that they had signed the alleged libel on Earl Russell.

An attempt was made by the defence to introduce as evidence the dying statement of Kast, but as death came before the man could be cross-examined the Judge rejected it.

There was one strange incident developed. The defence swore that in writing to Kast when trouble loomed ahead, Earl Russell had accidentally enclosed a draft of a telegram which was never sent, advising Kast to "say nothing." The prosecution admits that the telegram never enclosed, thus hinting at fraud.

A troop of employees appeared to-day, and all said that everything went on properly and becomingly on board Earl Russell's yacht.

One old pilot added that they all "were brother and Bob together." What that means I don't know, and the court adjourned, perhaps to think it over.

Only the Best.

ONLY THE BEST WORK OF THE BEST ARTISTS AND THE BEST HUMORISTS WILL BE FOUND IN THE GREAT COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF THE SUNDAY JOURNAL. BESIDES EIGHT FUNNY PAGES, ALL IN COLORS, THERE WILL BE AN EIGHT-PAGE COLORED SECTION FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND A GREAT MAGAZINE FULL OF SENSATIONS.

Albert Heiman, the Worst Boy in New York.

Now confined in a cell on his plea of guilty of grand larceny, Albert Heiman is speculating on where he will be sent. He robbed his father and threatened him with a revolver when called to account for his evil doings.